

THE NEW PLAY

Williams and Walker
Raise Laughter
in "Bandanna Land."

NANT to get 30 feet walm, honey? Well, go right long to "Bandanna Land," whar th' ragtime grows.

Yen, indeed, the cold wave is up against it at the Majestic Theatre, its Williams and Walker coming it down and raising more laughter in "Bandanna Land" than any have done for years. In their new piece these dark-brown entertainers have not only got away from their authors, as was the case when they were given a mixture of non-sensical and far-fetched drama last season, but they have gone back to Georgia and first principles with such success that they deserve to stay where they are until the spring crop of squirrels shows Central Park something new in fur.

Not only are they perfectly at home in "Bandanna Land" but they have at their heels a singing and dancing company that brings ragtime into its own again. If ragtime is dead, Williams and Walker aren't going to its funeral just yet. Even the musical Williams smiles widely as his feet slip into action and finally slide to cover, while Walker's bright, diamond-set grin shames the footlights' gleam as he and Aida Overton Walker (ain't it grand opera-sh) turn the "Merry Widow" waltz to ragtime account.

The long-suffering Williams is once more missing the good times, this time as Skunkton Bowser, the missing heir. He was "coming into property" just as we were coming into the Majestic last night, and the silly Mr. Walker was doing his best to get him out of it. Before signing a paper he insisted upon having plenty of room, pausing to remark:

"When I write I flourish!"

The funny thing about Williams is that everything he says sounds funny, while everything he does is funnier still. When he shuffles on the stage you part your face in the middle to save time and sit prepared to have your pleased expression travel to your ears. To see him count money with his eyes last night was to forget your frozen bank account and draw from ear to ear.

But "applaud" was more than worth it to him, and when he returned from a committee meeting with the little brown jug his eyes told the sad, jugged story and his feet were other garments to the straight and narrow path.

"Do you know the effect intoxicating liquors have upon the system?" asked his good but necessary friend.

"Huh?" Eyes heavy with "applaud" rolled toward the temperance speaker.

"Do you know the effect intoxicating liquors have upon the system?"

"Great!"

That was all—only one word—but it was enough to turn the dry South wet and bottle up "dramatic" for good and all. Williams carried the house by unanimous laughter. But remember set in to music when he raised a repeat voice in "Late Hours," his new and song. The house shed tears over it, and had hardly dried them before it was weeping again at the poor fellow's comments on his broadhead coat. He carried with his economical guardian that it was broad enough, but he wasn't so sure about the cloth.

Walker was as respectful as much, once he turned the stream of prosperity in his direction and he acknowledged in a style that won the upper portion of the house heart and sole. In the "Merry Widow" waltz the Aida lady was a partner not to be picked up every night. The New Amsterdam and Weber "widows" may learn a step or two by taking an afternoon off up at the Circle. Able Mitchell Cook sang "Red, Red Rose" as sweetly as the rose itself could have wished, and there was a whole bunch of other pretty songs.

"Bandanna Land" is one glad song and dance.

CHARLES DARTON.

Mlle. Genée Is Going to See How New York Children Dance.



By Mlle. Genée.

MY attention has been called to the splendid work done by the public schools in New York in popularizing the different folk dances by teaching them to school children.

It is certainly an admirable idea, for, aside from everything else—the physical training and diversion—the folk dances have so much of the characteristics of the different nations that it is quite a lesson in history and geography.

The graceful dances of the Italians, the tarantellas, for instance, are so typical of the Italian temperament and so utterly different from the athletic dances of Russia, with their violent physical exertions, that the child in learning the different dances unconsciously learns considerable about the two different races.

I am hoping soon to visit several of the children's dancing classes in the different schools simply because the future of the child as a possible future

DRESSED FOR A DANCE.

SPANISH DANCE.

Mlle Genée
World's
Greatest
Dancer

SCOTCH SWORD DANCE.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Ask Him to Theatre.

Dear Betty:
AM in love with a young man who comes to see my brother a great deal and I know that my love is returned. I have been out with him several times. Is it improper for me to ask him to go to the theatre, as I have been given tickets? H. P. D.

It is perfectly proper to ask the young man to go to the theatre with you.

She Wants to Make Up.

Dear Betty:
WENT with a young lady for two years. About a month ago I introduced her to my friend and then she dropped me and went with him. I had a quarrel with him through this. Now that she is angry with him she is trying to get back to me, and the young man is also trying to win my friendship. Shall I forgive her and speak to him again or leave them both alone? C. R.

I would advise you to leave them both alone, as they treated you very badly.

Not Old Enough to Love.

Dear Betty:
AM sixteen, and have fallen in love with a young girl six months my junior. I think she returns my love, but she is extremely bashful and dares not declare her love. How can I give her encouragement, so that she will return my love? H. C.

It is your place to declare your love.

Money's Remark.

"A. did you ever hear money talk?"
"Yes."
"What did it say?"
"Good-by."—Chicago Record-Herald.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

A Romance of New York. The New East Lynne. By Clara Morris. A Story of Love and Heartbreak.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Keith, a clever, selfish young New York doctor, married Daphne Cuyler, a bold beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, eccentric old Tom Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr. Olive secretly loves Philip. Daphne knows this, and also knows that other women are trying to carry on love affairs with Philip. This knowledge makes Daphne miserable. As she feels that Philip now seems to take her beauty for granted and to seek her society less than of old, Stanley Belden, a disreputable, multi-millionaire, loves Daphne. But since her marriage has kept away from her Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne-May, and a baby son. Belden returns and renews his attentions to Daphne, who, from various discoveries, begins to doubt her husband's loyalty. Philip has become involved in a foolish flirtation with a rich widow, Mrs. Allingham.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

The Clash.

TRUTH to tell, Dr. Keith was a trifle "near" where money was concerned, and he felt that perhaps Martha's terms would probably be steep, and it seemed an awful waste of good money.

After all, there was no one on earth who took any interest in the thing beyond himself and Mrs. Allingham.

and—well, he'd wait a bit. He did, and never imagined how badly he had blundered, not even when one day soon after, in making his "calls," he happened to see Martin and Anton (Belden's man) coming out of the east side of Madison Square Park so deeply interested in their conversation that neither of them noticed him, though he laughingly leaned far out to look at them.

"Ah, ah!" he chuckled. "I said she was on the lookout and miserably. Anton is a very 'warm' man after all these years with Belden, whose hands fairly drip money. But she will lure little birds down from the trees easier than Anton away from his master," and he gave no further heed to the matter.

Until—until one evening, when the family were seated at table in the dining room. "Young Mr. Keith" was not yet welcomed at dinner and Daphne-May was watching intently her great-cousin's long fingers skilfully shelling the walnuts his soul loved when dipped in wine, and she patiently waited for that moment sure to come, when a particularly fine and perfect half-kernel, after deep dipping in the wine, should come to her ready little mouth.

Mrs. Keith was wearing a pretty gown of Dresden silk, a pale cream ground powdered with tiny rosebuds

and finer forget-me-nots, and the child, withdrawing her eyes from one of the treasures of the china cabinet, exclaimed: "My mamma looks just like the pretty peasant that's all over little flowers!"

A "Dresden" Figure.

A laugh followed, and the doctor, looking his wife over with a leisurely glance, added:

"You do look quite the dainty Dresden figure, Daphne. We will have to give you a pedestal in the drawing-room."

So rare a thing had a compliment from her husband become that Daphne's splendid eyes looked fairly startled. She was smilingly declining the proffered pedestal, when Page entered and quietly handed her a letter, leaving a couple by the doctor's hand, and retired.

When her eyes on the child's lips, eagerly opening for the approaching morsel, she curiously made the seal of her letter and read.

Suddenly one hand clutched the edge of the table with desperate grip. Then, as she read, the color rose each side of her proud throat, sweeping over cheeks to temples and brow, right to the wavy

masses of her hair—a dull, dark, painful red, that seemed to burn where it touched. A heavy shudder shook her from head to foot.

The ever-observant Olive saw, and with a sort of gasp pushed back her chair as if to go to her. Daphne heard the sound. Her head went up, and in a quick, strange voice, she asked:

"Take away the child! And, Mattie, you need not return!"

Then she rose in her place, the color dropping from her face, leaving it ghastly. Her beautiful, calm brows drew together in a frown, her nostrils quivered with rage and the veins swelled in her throat, until, with a click, the clasp of the strand of pearls she wore sprang open, the necklace slipping unnoted down inside her bodice. Then, clenching with one hand to the back of her chair, the other clenched hard at her breast, she turned blazing eyes upon the old man, and spoke in short, fierce sentences.

No insult.

"Professor Keith, when I entered this house you welcomed me as your granddaughter. Since the death last year of my Uncle Cuyler, I am without a living male relative. Therefore I appeal to

you, sir—and I ask if I am exposed to infamous insult, will you demand for me such poor reparation as comes from open apology?"

With eyebrows raising up and down above his nose, old eyes Professor Keith sat gazing up at her. There was a brief silence, then with a stiff little bow and a gesture of his hand toward Philip, he said:

"Allow my grandson I am at your command."

"Then act," she said swiftly, and with contemptuous finger and thumb extended to him the letter.

As the old man drew down his glasses from his forehead and read his lips thinned, his face hardened. He slowly lifted his great height to the full and seemed to tower giant-like a moment, as he coldly, slowly said:

"Mr. Keith, my granddaughter, through me, demands a full apology from you for this most damnable insult."

He held out the letter and Philip recognized it instantly. A hot rage seized him, and he exclaimed violently: "What scandal sent that letter to this house?"

"Your Apology, Sir!"

"That you must discover, sir," answered the old man. "Unfortunately we know too well the 'seconded' who wrote it!" The doctor sat sullen and silent.

"Your apology, sir!" prompted the professor. Still silence.

"Will you force me, sir, to remind you that you are in my house? Apologize, and at once, sir!"

Also the doctor, with the gray look of the heavily tanned man who pales, rose and, resting his hands heavily on the table, made the apology demand, and added that the edition of the letter which he possessed in his opinion by the fact that it was written when he was well under the influence of wine. As he turned to leave the room Olive cried out:

"Oh, Cousin Philip! Dear, dear Cousin Philip! What have you done?"

And he answered with a forced laugh: "Done? I've done what thousands of other men have done before me—made a fool of myself!"

As he slammed the front door he heard ring through the house a long half-suffering, half-laughing cry of hysteria. Daphne had lost her self-control at last.

(To Be Continued.)

Chapter IV. of "THE MERRY WIDOW"

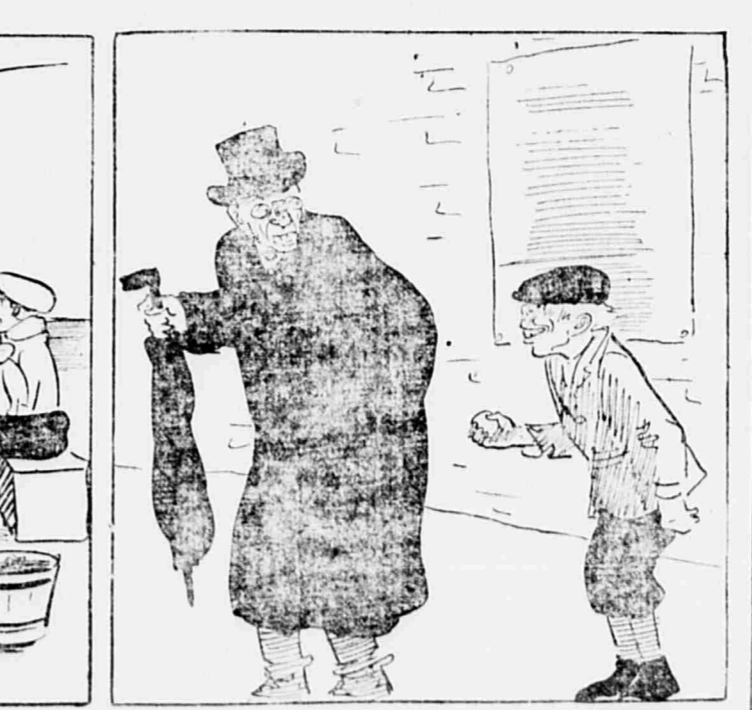
will be found on another page of To-Day's Evening World

The Wisdom of the Young

By T. S. Allen.



Kid—De principals in dis affair, gents, want it t'oroughly understood by de public dat dis duel is de outcome of a dispute at cards an' no lady's name is connected wid it wotever!



"You're not going to throw that snowball at me, are you, little boy?"
"I wasn't going to, mister. Thank you for making me think of it."

How Will He Eat Every Thirteenth Mouse and Leave the White One Last?



"LAY fair!" said the mouse. "You know the rules of the game."
"Yes, I know the rules," said the cat. "I've got to go round and round the circle, and eat every thirteenth mouse, but I must keep the white mouse for a tit-bit at the finish. Thirteen is an unlucky number, but I will do my best to oblige you."
"Hurry up, then!" shouted the mouse.
"Give a fellow time to think," said the cat. "I don't know which of you to start at. I must figure it out."
While the cat was working out the puzzle he fell asleep, and the spell being thus broken, the mice returned home in safety. At which mouse should the cat have started to count in order that the white mouse should be the last eaten? When the reader has solved that little puzzle here is a second one for him. What is the smallest number that the cat can count round and round the circle, if he must start at the white mouse (calling that "one" in the count) and still eat the white mouse last of all?